

"OLD SI" VISITS MAXVILLE

EDITOR DEMOCRAT-SENTINEL:

The promise I made you in my last letter in regard to my trip round Route No. 1, Webb Summit, I now take great pleasure in fulfilling. The greatest portion of this route lays in Monday Creek township, Perry county, necessarily every new subscriber, with three exceptions, reside in Perry county. I started out from the Summit toward Maxville, and had fine success. At noon I had got as far as J. E. Terrell's, found the table already set and the boys on the porch washing, for dinner. I asked for a place at the table, which was readily granted. Poling & Wolfe, with their assistants, had just completed baling Terrell's hay and straw. Your farmer friends can very well imagine, having had so much experience, just what kind of a dinner we had. If the amount of grub mowed back was any indication of who was the boss of the job, I was the boss. I not only had an excellent dinner but formed several new and very desirable acquaintances. Messrs. Poling & Wolfe have a steam baler—the Ohio Baler—propelled by a Gascott engine, with an average capacity of 16 tons per day. These gentlemen are very pleasant, and are hard workers, ambitious, and are persistently solicited by the farmers far and wide. They give perfect satisfaction and have cleaned up about every crop in the township.

After dinner I worked my way over the hill, passing by Noah Mohler's, but not without stopping for a social chat with Noah, to the Maxville road. I was very successful, more so than I had any right to expect, on my way to Maxville. I arrived in the little village at about 5 o'clock and stopped with Alex Poling. I had stopped at Poling's before. I know when I am well fed and well treated, and asked for entertainment. Although Mrs. Poling was suffering considerably with rheumatism she heartily bade me welcome. Mr. Poling runs a general store and his place is headquarters for the boys, old and young. They meet nightly, tell each other of their joys and sorrows, swap fish stories, build air castles and drill oil wells. (And that reminds me that the Standard Oil company has leased about every square foot of land in the neighborhood.) After supper the neighbors gathered in and the story telling began. I heard a very good one on the Rev. James Ricketts, Sr. Brother Ricketts, who is very favorably known to the majority of your readers, is not only a good preacher, and a very successful real estate dealer, but is an expert horse trader, and it is said, would rather swap horses than to set down to a chicken pot-pie dinner.

"While a resident of Columbus," so the story goes, "the 'traders' some-how-or-other, got next to the fact that the Reverend gentleman was a great horse fancier and trader and concluded they'd see what they could do with him. To that end one of the most expert jockeys produced a nice bay mare, just as pretty as a picture and every pound a thoroughbred, in looks at least. The mare soon attracted Rev. Ricketts' attention. The officer he saw her the better she looked to him. Finally the Reverend gentleman could stand it no longer. He approached the trader and asked him if she was for sale.

"Oh, yes. I guess so," replied the trader, "but I am not very particular about it."

"What do you ask for her?" queried the Reverend gentleman.

The trader gave his price but Bro. Ricketts shook his head, "too much! too much!" he exclaimed.

"I don't see how you figure that out," said the trader, "the very best thoroughbred blood of Kentucky flows through her veins. Besides," and he put his mouth close up to the Reverend's ear and whispered, "she was bred to one of Dr. Hartman's thoroughbreds, 'unbeknowns' to him. This you must keep as a secret. Why, sir,

the colt itself, if able to stand, is worth \$800."

This, it is presumed, was the clincher. The Reverend purchased the mare and brought her to his farm, back of Baird's furnace. He felt that he had made an elegant purchase, had got a good bargain, and wasn't satisfied until he had told a few of his very personal friends what a real, genuine bargain he had got, cautioning them to say nothing, "that the mare had been bred to one of Hartman's thoroughbreds, unbeknowns to him," and he wouldn't have it found out for the world. The friends became just about as anxious as he was, and anxiously awaited the foaling hour.

One morning his estimable wife, so it is said, saw something capering around the mare, but the distance was so great she couldn't tell what it looked like. Presently the Reverend gentleman came into the house and his wife said, "Jim, I believe that mare has a colt, I saw something scampering around her. You had better go out and see."

But "Jim" had been there and had nothing to say. She tried a time or two to get him to make some reply, but he said nothing. His wife thought it was rather curious, so she put on her bonnet and went out to see for herself, and lo, and behold you, that thoroughbred colt was A MULE! and further deponent saith not.

Alex Poling's store is one of the most complete country stores I have ever seen. He purchased Dave O'Hare's stock of goods (having already owned the building) and has added new goods and new lines until he has now one of the largest, up-to-date general stores in central Ohio. He has everything that a farmer needs. Dry goods, gent's furnishings, groceries, tinware, hardware, etc. The goods are new, the groceries fresh. Fair, honest dealing and low prices have secured for him an immense trade, far better than he anticipated. He is jolly, courteous, accommodating, and enjoys the confidence of the entire community. His store is not only a good place to deal but his house is a good place to stop. You have grub plenty, and a welcome sufficient. I am indebted to Mrs. Poling and family for many courtesies and pleasant entertainments.

John L. Younger, the sage of Maxville, notary public, justice of the peace, pension agent, blacksmith and altogether the busiest man in Monday Creek township, is an occasional visitor at "headquarters." His principal mission on this earth is to do good to his fellowmen, his neighbors. He is the general advisor and the one man they come to in distress; always kind, always accommodating. Everybody is his friend and his neighbors honor him. We are pleased to state that he has a splendid pension business, successful where others fail; has a wonderful growing patronage, and is never idle.

Maxville has several cases of the mumps. Master Pearl Goodlive has the honor of developing the first case. Scarlet fever is reported in the neighborhood, and several cases of the grip. Two or three of the older citizens are very seriously ill.

Jake Garry is the village shoemaker. He is not only a good workman but is a jolly, practical joker. The boys tell how he disappointed his good friend and neighbor, John Like. Like came into his shop one day and Garry told him he had just butchered three hogs and that he was going to live fat. "I suppose you'll live on spare ribs for the next month or two?" queried Like. "Not on your life," replied Garry, "we don't eat spare ribs at our house, we throw them away." "What! Throw them away. Why I never heard of such a thing. They are the best part of the hog. Don't throw them away, man, save them for me," said Like. "All right," says Garry, "I'll save them for you." Some two or three days after Like came trudging up to Garry's house with a half bushel basket for the spare ribs. Garry took his basket and went out to the smoke house and filled the basket with ribs, covered them up nicely, and gave them to Like. Like took the basket, thanked Garry profusely, and started for home. His wife met him at the door, took the basket, placed it on the kitchen table and uncovered the ribs—just plain ribs—plain

bone. Garry had eaten the meat off of them and had made Like a present of the ribs. It was for a long time that Like didn't speak as he passed by.

E. M. Weatherby is teaching the Maxville (Dist. No. 7) school. He has a seven-month term. There is an enrollment of 27. Only the common branches are taught. Mr. Weatherby is giving excellent satisfaction. He is a careful, patient, experienced teacher, necessarily always successful.

Rev. James Ricketts is holding revival services at the Maxville M. E. church and is obtaining good results. He is a very pleasant, social gentleman, a forcible speaker, a devout christian and we hope his efforts will be crowned with great success. The indications are very favorable for a big revival.

Abe Mowry, wife and little son, Master Alexander, of Marion township, Hocking county, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Poling, during my stay in the village.

Mr. L. M. Butt, the Maxville grocer, is doing a very fine business. He has the cleanest, tidest little grocery it has ever been our pleasure to see. Everything is in tip-top shape, everything in its place. He is an unusually accommodating grocer and enjoys an excellent patronage.

Miss Laura Howdyshell, daughter of James Howdyshell, is successfully teaching a seven-month school in District No. 3. The attendance is very small, the average being 14. Miss Howdyshell has the school well in hand, is a very pleasant and efficient teacher and is giving the best of satisfaction.

Wm. Wolfe, the jolly blacksmith and wagon maker of Maxville, is a very busy man. He is a skilled workman, an inventive genius. He has an arrangement that he leads the animal in, straps him and holds him in such a manner that it is impossible for him to kick the blacksmith or injure himself. It is a very wonderful and necessary invention.

Mr. Guy Mohler is teaching the Kuhn school (District No. 6). This school has an average attendance of 15. He is giving entire satisfaction. He has the confidence and good will of the scholars, who are making unusual progress. Mr. Mohler gives promise of making one of the best instructors in Perry county. We certainly wish him success.

Scott Mohler threshed nearly fifty bushels of clover seed last fall. When it is considered that it is worth about \$10 a bushel it gives one the impression that raising clover is a very profitable business. Mr. Mohler refused \$9 per bushel just as it came from the threshers. By the way we were informed that there is a case of scarlet fever at Mr. Mohler's family. We hope for no serious results.

The first night, after leaving Maxville I stayed over night with Mr. Jacob Downhour. This was the third time I had stopped with him. This venerable gentleman is swiftly gliding down the other side, and while his three score and ten, or more, has somewhat stiffened the joints and impaired him physically, his brain is just as active and his memory as good as at middle age, and he is peacefully and quietly enjoying his home in his declining years. His son, David, of Groveport, spent a week or two with him recently, which he enjoyed very much. I was, as on previous occasions, made welcome and passed a very enjoyable night.

Peter Heidlebaugh, of Baird's Furnace, and Wm. Downhour, of Maxville, were recent Fairfield county visitors. It is not known whether they went to Fairfield on the quest of life partners or left Monday Creek township to avoid leap-year proposals. Be it as it may, we wish them success.

Rev. Guartney, of Junction City, is holding protracted meeting at the Fairview United Brethren church. Rev. Guartney is a very eloquent, forceful preacher and his efforts have brought several into the church.

I had the pleasure of meeting D. K. Macklin, of Lancaster, on my walk around the route. Mr. Macklin is a practical sawyer and on many occasions has been identified in a business way with the J. J. Snider company and is pleasantly remembered by many of our citizens. He was a great friend of John W. Strentz, and like Mr.

Strentz, had a stroke of paralysis, sometime before Mr. Strentz. A few weeks after Mr. Macklin sustained his stroke he had a very serious spell of sickness, his demise being hourly expected. This, he claims, was his preservation. He is now engaged in sawing the timber off the J. E. Tritsch farm in Monday Creek township. Though unable to do any manual labor he insists that he is able, and does, manage and supervise the work of his mill. He is a pleasant, genial gentleman and is just as nifty as he is pleasant, and claims he will never have a second stroke, and we hope he is right.

I arrived at J. A. Smith's in the evening and was pleasantly entertained for the night. Mr. Smith is one of the enterprising and progressing farmers, and his farm shows it. He raises more bushels of grain to the acre than any man in Monday Creek township. He don't wear out the soil but builds it up, and is practical in every sense, and is one of our most valuable citizens. He rests on Sundays.

A. C. Wood, one of the oldest and most successful teachers in the county, is teaching a seven-month term in District, No. 2. He has an enrollment of 36 with an average attendance of 25, next to the largest school in Monday Creek township. He is experienced, practical; is kind and patient and always gives satisfaction.

W. J. Howdyshell has possibly the largest school in the township, (District, No. 1,) average attendance considered. He has an enrollment of 33 with an average of 26. Mr. Howdyshell is one of our best young men, honest, industrious, capable, and is especially well fitted for teaching. He is making a success of the school as he does with everything he undertakes. His motto is, "If anything is worth doing, it is worth doing well." And he does it.

At noon time I was very fortunate in reaching Noah Wolfe's. Mrs. Wolfe, by the way, was an old schoolmate of mine, we both attended the Logan public schools in the late sixties and early seventies, she was the daughter of Mr. Emanuel Crooks, of Logan. Mrs. Wolfe and I put in a good hour on "old times" and she gave me an elegant dinner, and I enjoyed it. Mr. Wolfe is the possessor of one of the old-fashioned wooden clocks, a wall sweeper. He purchased the clock at Mary Cloud's sale 32 years ago. Mrs. Cloud owned the clock for 40 years, and it had been in her family's possession 50 years before she got it. They have evidence that the clock has been in constant use for 122 years. The clock is an L. Watson (Cincinnati) make and has a wild cherry case, the works are all wood except the ticker; is made of apple boiled in oil. It has a 36 inch pendulum; has never been cleaned or repaired and kept absolutely correct time and the wear on the works can scarcely be noticed, the lower part had to be sawed off in order to allow it to stand under an eight-foot ceiling.

On my way I stopped in for a short chat with the venerable J. M. Miller, one of the old-timers, and found him in as good condition and as good spirits as possible, considering his advanced age. While at Miller's I met the Rev. Jacob Geil, of Alma, Kansas. Mr. Geil, for the last three months, has been visiting relatives and friends in Hocking. Mr. Geil was born and raised a Republican, but has recently experienced a change of heart, and is now a staunch Democrat, a Billy Bryan man, and an uncompromising prohibition advocate. The reverend gentleman is very pleasant, sensible and social, and I felt considerably benefitted in having met him. The DEMOCRAT-SENTINEL will follow him to his home and will convey to him weekly 20 to 30 "letters from home;" may success follow him.

At night I stopped with Mr. Amos Huber, near Harvey Chapel. I was made welcome and comfortable and very much enjoyed myself with the three little ones. I guess I am the first newspaper man to welcome a seven pound boy that arrived at Mr. Huber's, just a week previous. We shall anxiously await its advent in the journalistic field and will depend on him to chronicle the current events of his neighborhood and look after, at least, two of his near neighbors, Reason Barnes and

Billy Scholl, who we have reason to believe, have not had the proper consideration.

I heard a very good one on Geo. W. Canfield, living on Bremen Route No. 1, near that village. I consider will bear repetition. Geo. Canfield is one of those jolly, whole-souled boys that will stand for almost anything, and is not loth to hand out a lemon or two himself. George's farm lays high and dry, and by the way lays in the Bremen gas and oil belt. On one of his highest knobs you can see some eight or ten miles in every direction. This field, so it is told, was rather barren, scarcely anything would grow on it, (this is very hard for me to believe,) even a spear of grass was a variety. Well, the story goes, one of his neighbors had a hundred head of sheep and not enough pasture. George told him he had a forty acre field, laying very high that he could turn them in gratis. His neighbor sent the sheep over next day with his hired help and they were turned in. A few days after he shouldered a sack of salt, and went over to see how the sheep were getting along, and give them some salt. George met him at the gap and went with him to the top of the ridge. The neighbor looked the field over but could see no grass.

"My heavens, George!" exclaimed the neighbor, "there is no grass here, the sheep will starve to death." "Well," replied George, "I'll admit there is not very much grass, but just consider (and he stretched out his arm toward every point of the compass) what a delightful place they occupy and what beautiful scenery."

Rev. Ward, of Junction City, is conducting a series of revival meetings at the Harvey Chapel M. E. Church, much interest is manifested and good results are anticipated.

S. W. Miles is teaching the Larimer school in District No. 5. Mr. Miles commenced teaching at the age of 17, and this is his fourth term, his fourth consecutive winter and has just turned 21. He is the very efficient correspondent of the Hocking Republican and Journal-Gazette. He is, considering his age, a most able instructor and is giving entire satisfaction. We predict that Mr. Miles will become a leader in the educational affairs of our state, he is the son of Mrs. Hanna Miles, of near Webb Summit.

I took dinner with Mrs. Levi Red, a dinner that did me as much good as a half dozen new subscribers. Mr. Red treated me to a glass of sparkling cider, that was colder. One glass was sufficient, it had no more than got down than my hair began to twist and curl and my tongue loosened up. In self defense, I presume, Levi subscribed. The family made my short stay a very pleasant one, one that I shall long remember.

It was a short walk from Mr. Red's home to Webb Summit. I got there a hour before train time, which I pleasantly passed with Postmaster Inboden. Mr. Inboden purchased the Summit store, recently, had the store room overhauled and re-arranged, and has now one of the most conveniently constructed rooms in the state. He has a general store, sells dry goods, groceries, queensware, hardware, tinware, ladies and gent's furnishings and farm implements. He buys and sells country produce and pays the highest market price in cash and trade. He is a business man, a trade getter and has more than doubled his sales in the short time he has managed it. He is very attentive, very accommodating and necessarily successful.

In my trip around this route I secured 53 new subscribers, viz: Ivan Howdyshell, Noah Mohler, Mrs. W. H. Howdyshell, Leroy Little, T. W. Hardy, J. D. Nixon, James Hammond, Jacob Heidlebaugh, Chas. Wilson, Franklin Wolfe, Jarred Dannison, Geo. W. Nixon, L. M. Butt, Wm. Vorhees, D. H. Spurgeon, Dr. A. I. Sherman, J. S. Goodlive, John Spurgeon, Jacob Howdyshell, Isaac Howdyshell, Wm. Catterman, Scott Mohler, J. A. Smith, Wm. H. Downhour, J. S. Howdyshell, Peter Stimmel, N. W. Mohler, Simon Wolfe, J. L. Ashbaugh, Charles Larimer, Owen D. Charles, George Poling, J. M. Vanatta, H. A. Wilson, Jesse Patton, Noah Wolfe, A. C. Woods, Bert Patton, L. C. Davis, G. W. Mohler, Sam'l Ashbaugh, J. F. Miller, Amos Huber, Rev. A. B. Weatherby, John Hiles, John Iderton, Isaac

Keller, Levi Red, M. H. Mohler, Wm. Like, C. W. Cookley, Webb Summit; F. S. Poling, Bremen, No. 1; and Rev. Jacob Geil, Alma, Kansas. ST. HUBBARD.

NEWS OF OTHER TOWNS

Carbonhill

This wind surely makes a person get a hump on themselves.

In last week's items somehow there appeared some mistakes. In speaking of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Nice being from Indiana, it should have been from Oklahoma. And in mentioning J. L. Blosser and William Parks each receiving 9 car loads of fine corn, it should have been 1 car load each.

Walter L. Morrison, of Nelsonville, was here last Tuesday.

Lesley Evans, of Columbus, spent last Sunday with his father, D. P. Evans, of this place.

Mrs. G. W. Ross, of this place, was in Columbus on business last Saturday.

Mrs. Frank Webb recently visited her sister, Mrs. John Kennedy, at the Columbus hospital.

Dr. W. S. Rhodes attended the meeting of the pensioners examining board at Logan last Wednesday.

Fred Coffey is confined to his room with gripe. He has not spoken above a whisper for more than a week.

Grandma Hawk is in very poor health at this writing.

Grandma Coffey who has been at her daughters, Mrs. James Bateman, in Nelsonville for sometime on account of her poor health, was brought home last week in an ambulance, and is still in very feeble health.

The little 3 month old son of Mr. Jack Coe, of this place, was buried here last Saturday. Surely the hand of affliction is lying on Mr. Coe quite heavy for his father 3 children all have the whooping cough, and his wife has the gripe, all at the same time, while either is enough at once.

J. L. Mitchell and Jess Devol, of this place, recently joined the crazy man's club, and Mr. Mitchell purchased a 11 pound girl, and Mr. Devol purchased a fine son, and still the stork lurks near here.

The sun is shining bright today and no doubt the groundhog could see his shadow if he ventured out, but no doubt he will remain pretty close for he knows very well if he should come out the administration at Washington would put coons in their place.

Simple Remedy for La Grippe

La grippe coughs are dangerous as they frequently develop into pneumonia. Foley's Honey and Tar not only stops the cough but heals and strengthens the lungs so that no serious results need be feared. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar contains no harmful drugs and is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. Bort & Co.

Happy Ridge

The groundhog saw his shadow so look out for the next six weeks. Emery Huffines called on Esq. Gordon one day last week.

Ira Huffman returned to his home at Sugar Grove, after a few days visit with his mother, S. C. Lama, of this place.

Miss Myrtle Vorhees is working for Mrs. Lewis Huffines at present.

Miss Ethel Sanders, of Button Ridge, spent Thursday night with Emery Bainter and family, of this place.

Emery Huffines spent last Sunday with Wm. Robinson.

Jim Iles, of Cedar Grove, was seen on this Ridge last Friday afternoon. Jim seems to be all smiles.

George Vorhees was called to Fairfield County a few days ago, on account of the serious illness of his mother.

Mr. Isaac Quillen is visiting friends and relatives at Kingston. Ira Bainter called on Joseph Huffines, Saturday evening.

Miss Lucy Quillen, of this place, called on Mrs. Amy Keister, of Button Ridge, Wednesday afternoon.

That strange noise that was heard on this ridge a few evenings ago was Esq. Gordon singing "Turkey in the Straw."

Pearl Huffman and Frank Edwards, of Rockbridge, spent Satur-

day and Sunday with Mr. Huffman's mother, Mrs. Sarah C. Lama, of this place.

Mrs. Lewis Huffines is seriously ill at this writing.

Esq. Gordon and son, Robert, and Bert Chesser called on Ira Huffman, Thursday evening.

Rev. J. L. Baker, of Gibsonville, called on Lewis Huffines and family Saturday.

Mrs. Bert Chesser and little daughter, and Margaret Gordon spent Wednesday with Sarah R. Poling.

Miss Lucy Quillen spent Wednesday night with Mrs. Lizzie Vorhees.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Denison, of Lancaster, are visiting Geo. Vorhees and family at present.

Ed. Hockman, of Gibsonville, was seen on our streets Monday. Jacob Bainter and son, Emery, and Harry Febus called on Esq. Gordon, Monday.

Mr. Bert Chesser, wife and daughter spent last Tuesday with Will Woodard and family, of Pine Grove.

Harry Sparrow and A. R. McBroom, of Logan, were seen on this ridge Monday.

Wm. Moore and John Smith, of Gibsonville, were callers on this ridge Monday.

Mart Huffines made a dying trip to Pursell, Monday.

WANDA

This May Interest You.

No one is immune from kidney trouble, so just remember that Foley's Kidney Cure will stop the irregularities and sure any case of kidney and bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. Bort & Co.

Calico Ridge

Cold and stormy was ground hog day, but there was sunshine enough for his hogslap to see his shadow, and I suppose according to tradition we will have six weeks of winter to tussle with yet, well if it has to be let it come and we will try and endure it.

Frank Pickett is sawing for Gus Heine on the Lutz farm, on Peter run.

Cyrus Shultz, of Logan, visited his father, Squire Shultz, Tuesday last week.

Clara Snider is nursing her sister, Lulu, who is sick with scarlet fever at her aunt Hattie Francis's, of Black Jack.

Wesley Snider, of Logan, was the Sunday guest of his mother, Mrs. Jane Snider.

Johnathan Shaw was the guest of Squire Shultz, last Wednesday. Henry Clark is hauling ties to Logan, for the railroad company.

String Maw.

Mr. Walter Lehman and family of Logan, moved on the Will Nixon farm, Thursday.

Mr. Cyrus McPeck and brother Claude, who is taking treatment for his eyesight, are spending part of the week in the Capital City.

Mr. John Nihizer is no better at this writing.

Mr. H. C. Beery and wife were business visitors in Logan, Friday.

Miss Rosa McPeck took dinner Sunday with W. H. Nixon and family.

The inclement weather did not prevent Clinton Woods from making his daily call at Logan.

Miss Edna Nixon spent a few days of last week with relatives at Carroll, and was accompanied home by her niece, Miss Elizabeth White.

Mr. John Weaver is remodeling the Union U. B. church.

There will be a spelling at the Oak Grove school house, Friday evening.

Mr. William Voris of Logan, called on Rosa McPeck, Sunday evening.

W. I. North entertained quite a number of our young people, Thursday evening.

Mr. Robert White is spending the week with H. C. Beery and family.

Mr. W. H. Nixon and wife, Mr. M. R. Phillips of Lebanon, O. and Elizabeth White of Carroll, O., spent a few days of last week with friends near Bremen, O.

The editor of the Memphis, Tenn., "Times" writes: "In my opinion Foley's Honey and Tar is the best remedy for coughs, colds and lung trouble, and to my own personal knowledge Foley's Honey and Tar has accomplished many permanent cures that have been little short of marvelous." Refuse any but the genuine in the yellow package. Bort & Co.